

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Series

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathé Players and the Electric Film Company

SYNOPSIS

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The clue to the murderer is the watch which is sent the victim. Elaine, a mysterious woman, is the only person who knows the watch. She is the only person who knows the watch. She is the only person who knows the watch.

THIRD EPISODE

The Vanishing Jewels.
Hanging away at my typewriter the next day, in Kennedy's laboratory, I was startled by the sudden, insistent ringing of the telephone near me.
"Hello," I answered, for Craig was at work at his table, trying still to extract some clue from the slender evidence thus far elicited in the Dodge mystery.
"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," I heard an excited voice over the wire reply, "my friend, Miss Martin, is here. Her father has just received a message from that Clutching Hand and—"
"Just a moment, Miss Dodge," I interrupted. "This is Mr. Jameson."
"Oh!" came back the voice, breathless and disappointed. "Let me have Mr. Kennedy—quick."
I had already passed the telephone to Craig and was watching him keenly as he listened over it.
He motioned to me for a pad and pencil that lay near me.
"Please read the letter again, slowly, Miss Dodge," he asked, adding, "there isn't time for me to see it—just yet. But I want it exactly. You say it is made up of separate words and type cut from newspapers and pasted on note paper?"
I handed him paper and pencil.
"All right, now, Miss Dodge, go ahead."
As he wrote he indicated to me by his eyes that he wanted me to read, I did so:

My dear Mr. Kennedy,
I am writing you this letter to tell you that I have just received a message from that Clutching Hand and—

"Thank you, Miss Dodge," continued Kennedy, laying down the pencil.
"You understand perfectly—signed by that name Clutching Hand. Let me see," he pondered, looking at his watch. "It is now half past eleven. Very well. I shall meet you and Miss



A Remarkable Scene Greeted Us.

Martin at Mr. Martin's store directly. It took five minutes of noon when Kennedy and I dashed up before Martin's and dismissed our taxicab.
A remarkable scene greeted us as we entered the famous jewelry shop. Instantly I drew back. Squaring my front of a man had suddenly seized a revolver and leveled it at us.
"Don't!" cried a familiar voice.
"That is Mr. Kennedy!"
Just then, from a little knot of people, Elaine Dodge sprang forward with a cry and seized the gun.
Kennedy turned to her, apparently half so much concerned about the automatic that yawned at him as about the anxiety of the pretty girl who had intervened. The too eager clothesman lowered the gun promptly.
Obvious Martin was a typical society business man, quietly but rightly so.

Martin himself was evidently very nervous and very much alarmed. Indeed, no one could blame him for that. Merely to have been singled out by this amazing master criminal was enough to cause panic. Already he had engaged detectives, prepared for whatever might happen, and they had advised him to leave the diamonds in the counter, clear the store and let the crooks try anything. If they dared.
Just back of us, and around the corner, as we came in, we had noticed a limousine which had driven up. Three faultlessly attired dandies had entered a doorway down the street, as we learned afterward, apparently going to a fashionable tailor's which occupied the second floor of the old-fashioned building, the first floor having been renovated and made ready for renting. Had we been there a moment sooner, we might have seen, I suppose, that one of them nodded to a taxicab driver, who was standing at a public hack stand a few feet up the block. The driver nodded unobtrusively back at the man.
In spite of the excitement, Kennedy quietly examined the showcase, which was, indeed, a veritable treasure store of brilliants.
Slowly the hands of the clock came nearer together at noon.
We all gathered about the showcase, with its glittering hoard of wealth, forming a circle at a respectable distance.
In deep-lunged tones the clock played the chords written, I believe, by Handel. Then it began striking. Nothing had happened.
We all breathed a sigh of relief.
"Well, it is still there!" exclaimed Martin, pointing at the showcase with a forced laugh.
Suddenly came a rending and crashing sound. It seemed as if the very floor on which we stood was giving way.
The showcase, with all its priceless contents, went smashing into the cellar below.
The flooring beneath the case had been cut through!

All crowded forward, gazing at the black, yawning cavern.
Down below, three men, covered with smocks and their faces hidden by masks, had knocked the props away from the ceiling of the cellar, which they had sawed almost through at their leisure, and the showcase had landed eight or ten feet below, shivered into a thousand bits.
A volley of shots whizzed past us, and another. While one crook was hastily stuffing the untold wealth of jewels into a burlap bag the others had drawn revolvers and were firing up through the hole in the floor desperately.
"Look out!" cried someone behind us before we could recover from our first surprise and return the fire.
One of the desperadoes had taken a bomb from under his smock, lighted it and thrown it up through the hole in the floor.

It sailed up over our heads and landed near our little group, on the floor, the fuse sputtering ominously.
I heard an exclamation of fear from Elaine.
Kennedy had pushed his way past us and picked up the deadly infernal machine in his bare hands.
I watched him, fascinated. As near as he dared, he approached the hole in the floor, still holding the thing off at arm's length. Would he never throw it?

He was coolly holding it, allowing the fuse to burn down closer to the explosion point.
It was now within less than an inch of sure death.
Suddenly he raised it and hurled the deadly thing down through the hole.
We could hear the imprecations of the crooks as it struck the cellar floor, near them.
"Leave the store—quick!" rang out Kennedy's voice.
Down below the crooks were beating a hasty retreat through a secret entrance which they had effected.
"The bag! The bag!" we could hear one of them bellow.
"The bomb—run!" cried another voice gruffly.
The explosion that followed lifted us fairly off our feet.

As the smoke from the explosion cleared away, Kennedy could be seen, the first to run forward.
Meanwhile Martin's detectives had rushed down a flight of back stairs that led into a coal cellar. With coal shovels and bars, anything they could lay hands on, they attacked the door that opened forward from the coal cellar into the front basement where the robbers had been.
A moment Kennedy and Bennett paused on the brink of the abyss which the bomb had made, waiting for the smoke to decrease. Then they began to climb down cautiously over the piled-up wreckage.

The explosion had set the basement afire, but the fire had not gained much headway by the time they reached the basement. Quickly Kennedy ran to the door into the coal cellar and opened it.
From the other side Martin, followed by the police and the detectives, burst in.
"Fire!" cried one of the policemen, leaping back to turn in an alarm from the special apparatus upstairs.
All except Martin began beating out the flames, using such weapons as they already held in their hands to batter down the door.
To Martin there was one thing paramount—the jewels.

In the midst of the confusion, Elaine, closely followed by her friend, Susie, made her way fearlessly into the stifling of smoke down the stairs.
"There are your jewels, Mr. Martin," cried Kennedy, kicking the precious burlap bag with his foot as if it had been so much ordinary merchandise, and turning toward what was in his mind the most important thing at stake—the direction taken by the agents of the Clutching Hand.
"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Martin, raptly pouncing on the bag and tearing it open. "They didn't get away with

the driver, who answered promptly by cranking his engine.
"You saw that limousine standing here?" asked Craig.
"Yes," nodded the chauffeur, with a show of alertness.
"Well, follow it," ordered Kennedy, jumping into the cab.
"Yes, sir."
Craig was just about to close the door when a slight figure flashed past us and a dainty foot was placed on the step.
"Please, Mr. Kennedy," pleaded Elaine, "let me go. They may lead to my father's slayer."
She said it so earnestly that Craig could scarcely have resisted if he had wanted to do so.
Just as Elaine and Kennedy were moving off I came out of the vacant store, with Bennett and the detectives.
"Craig!" I cried. "Where are you going?"
Kennedy stuck his head out of the window, and I am quite sure that he was not altogether displeased that



Kennedy Quietly Examined the Showcase.

team—after all!" he exclaimed, examining the contents with satisfaction.
The limousine had been standing innocently enough at the curb near the corner, with the taxicab close behind it.
Less than ten minutes after they had entered, three well-dressed men came out of the vacant shop, apparently from the tailor's above, and climbed leisurely into their car.
As the last one entered, he half turned to the taxicab driver, hiding from passers-by the sign of the Clutching Hand, which the taxicab driver returned in the same manner. Then the big car whirled up the avenue.
All this we learned later from a street sweeper who was at work near by.
Down below, while the police and detectives were putting out the fire, Kennedy was examining the wall of the cellar, looking for the spot where the crooks had escaped.
"A secret door!" he exclaimed, as he paused after tapping along the wall to determine its character. "You can see how the force of the explosion has loosened it."
Sure enough, when he pointed it out to us, it was plainly visible. One of the detectives picked up a crowbar and others, still with the hastily selected implements they had seized to fight the fire, started in to pry it open.
As it yielded Kennedy rushed his way through; Elaine, always utterly fearless, followed. Then the rest of us went through.
There seemed to be nothing, however, that would help us in the cellar next door, and Kennedy mounted the steps of a stairway in the rear.
The stairway led to a sort of storeroom, full of barrels and boxes, but otherwise characterless. When I arrived Kennedy was gingerly holding up the smocks which the crooks had worn.
"We're on the right trail," commented Elaine as he showed them to her, "but where do you suppose the owners are?"
Craig shrugged his shoulders and gave a quick look about. "Evidently they came in from and went away by the street," he observed, hurrying to the door, followed by Elaine.
On the sidewalk he gazed up the avenue, then catching sight of the street cleaner, called to him.
"Yes, sir," replied the man, stolidly, looking up from his work. "I see three gentlemen come out and get into an automobile."
"Which way did they go?" asked Kennedy.
For answer the man jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the general direction uptown.
With keen glance, Kennedy strained his eyes. Far up the avenue he could discern the car threading its way in and out among the others, just about disappearing.
A moment later Craig caught sight of the vacant taxicab and crooked his

finger at the driver, who answered promptly by cranking his engine.
"You saw that limousine standing here?" asked Craig.
"Yes," nodded the chauffeur, with a show of alertness.
"Well, follow it," ordered Kennedy, jumping into the cab.
"Yes, sir."
Craig was just about to close the door when a slight figure flashed past us and a dainty foot was placed on the step.
"Please, Mr. Kennedy," pleaded Elaine, "let me go. They may lead to my father's slayer."
She said it so earnestly that Craig could scarcely have resisted if he had wanted to do so.
Just as Elaine and Kennedy were moving off I came out of the vacant store, with Bennett and the detectives.
"Craig!" I cried. "Where are you going?"
Kennedy stuck his head out of the window, and I am quite sure that he was not altogether displeased that

was not with him.
"Chasing that limousine," he shouted back. "Follow us in another car." A moment later he and Elaine were gone.
Bennett and I looked about.
"There are a couple of cabs—down there," I pointed out at the other end of the block. "I'll take one, you take the other."
Who, besides Bennett, went in the other car I don't know, but it made no difference, for we soon lost them. Our driver, however, was a really clever fellow. Far ahead now we could see the limousine drive around a corner, making a dangerous swerve. Kennedy's cab followed, skidding dangerously near a pole.
(Continued Monday)

Accurate information about the Klamath Basin. Ask Chilcote.

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At the Churches

UNION SERVICE
The evening services and programs at the Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian and Baptist churches scheduled for tomorrow night have been postponed, and the congregations will attend a special union service at Houston's opera house, beginning at 7:30. Rt. Rev. Robert L. Paddock, Episcopal bishop for the Eastern Oregon diocese, will deliver the sermon at this service.

Episcopal Services—Bishop Robert L. Paddock will conduct services at the west hall of the I. O. O. F. building tomorrow at 11 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. he will address a union meeting at Houston's opera house. All are invited.

Church of the Sacred Heart—Corner Worden avenue and Donald streets. Rev. Wm. McMillan, S. J., pastor. First mass at 8:20. High Mass and Benediction at 10:30 a. m. Catechetical instructions every Saturday and Sunday morning at 9:30. Week day Mass every morning at 7:15. During Lent, the Way of the Cross will be observed every Friday evening at 7:30. Services at Merrill on the third Sunday of each month.

Church of Christ Scientists—Services are held on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and Wednesday evening at 7:30 in Christian Science Hall, in the Jacobs block, corner Third and Main streets, upstairs. The lesson subject for Sunday is "Christ Jesus."

Baptist Mission Sunday school meets at 10 a. m. in the basement of the library building. Mr. O. P. Couchman, superintendent. You are welcome.

First Presbyterian Church—Corner of Third and Pine streets. J. S. Stubbins, pastor. Clerk of Sessions—C. C. Hogue. Superintendent of Sunday school—J. B. Mason. Pianist—Miss A. B. Parker. President Christian Endeavor—Roy LaPrairie. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Morning subject, "Pressing Toward the Mark." Evening service postponed; congregation to attend union meeting at the opera house. 6:30 p. m., Christian Endeavor. Special music and speaking. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30, with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hogue. You are cordially invited to all of these services.

Baptist Church—Corner Eighth and Canal streets. Rev. A. F. Simmons, pastor. Bible school at 10 a. m., C. R. De Lap, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. In the evening the congregation will join the union service to be held at the opera house. Everyone cordially invited to all of these services.

Christian Church—Corner of Ninth and Pine streets. Elder S. D. Harlan, minister. Residence, corner Tenth and High streets. Phone 147. 11 a. m., "Christian Character." Night, union service at Opera house 3 p. m. Junior Endeavor. 6:30 Y. P. S. C. E. H. S. Fox, president. Wednesday night, prayer meeting. Mrs. Seehorn leader. All welcome.

Grace Methodist Episcopal Church—Corner Tenth and High streets; E. C. Richards, minister. 10 a. m., Sunday school, Geo. J. Walton, superintendent. 11 a. m., preaching, "The Light of the Silences." 6:30 p. m., Epworth League, E. M. Chilcote, president. No evening program; union meeting at the opera house. Wednesday, 8 p. m., prayer service. Vernon Moteschenbacher, choir master. Miss Hazel North, pianist.

He Had to Be Shown
I only regret that I cannot change all my life policies for those in this greatest of life companies. John N. Miller, banker, Dexter, Missouri. 37-31 F. M. Priest, Agent.
Successful tests were made with the world's most powerful electrically propelled locomotives on the Klamath division of the Norfolk & Western railroad, thereby fulfilling a dream of the late George Westinghouse, inventor of the electric.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

BY MARGARET MASON
(Written for the United Press)

The newest silhouette for Spring is called the "cloche"—it's quite the thing.
"Cloche" means a bell, in French, you see.
And that is fitting as can be, for what more logical, pray tell, can one find than a bell-shaped belle?

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—The belles of 1915 certainly bid fair to be ringers for the belles of olden days. With the tight bodice effects and full skirts—some even daring a bit of crinoline—the old fashions have now become the new ones.
Become is quite the right word, too, for these quaintly feminine fashions are becoming to almost every type of femininity.

So much so, that, given the lure of full ruffled skirts, a snug alken bodice and one of these adorably frivolous and inconsequent tiny round hats perched jauntily tabogganing her brow, most any belle may be sure of a ring before the month of brides and roses.
The finish of these voluminous skirts around the hem has become of paramount importance. Because its brevity has brought the hem more within the line of vision it must needs be enhanced and embellished. A perfectly good plain hem is no longer considered quite smart. There is a pronounced tendency toward a pointed or scalloped edge. A well rounded scallop is perhaps the happiest finish in juxtaposition to a well rounded limb, one of the most charmingly finished skirts in the Fifth avenue window displays is an evening model of Nile green faille. The skirt is really a sort of two-in-one effect, for the outer skirt is very full and ankle length, with a ten-inch inset of scalloped Nile green net just above its scalloped silk hem. Under this outer skirt an under skirt a trifle less full and a trifle longer, shows a bewitching trimming of tiny silk ruching and pale pink rose buds through the net transparency. The skirt is set high on the empire bodice with a tiny ruching and an inset of the net in the waist reveals a hint of the pink rose buds beneath. Tiny puff sleeves of the silk finish this green gem of a gown.

Another favorite skirt finish is the box plaited frill which lends itself beautifully to the desired flaring effect. The plaited frills are more effective on the silk afternoon dresses and for street gowns, while the scallops round off daintier evening and dance frocks.
There seems to be a perfect passion for peplums. Without an accompanying peplum the tight bodice looks sort of half baked and underdone, as it were. The little square tabs of the wall of Troy pattern make a very picturesque and artistic peplum, but the man who put the real pep in peplum is the designer of the box plaid, one which fares out with dashing insouciance from the snug waist line. These box plain peplums are particularly crisp and fancy in taffete or faille, and the maid apparently herself in a full skirt finished with a box plaited flounce with her trig waist flaring out into one of these box plaited peplum frills to match readily conveys the impression that

not all the pep is in the peplum after all.
There is a Hesian tendency in the jacket line again, for the monkey jacket appears on many of the new costumes in many styles and guises. In some circles, usually the bull ring, the monkey jacket is known as the bolero, but by another name is would still be as short and sweet.
There is a new long sleeve that widens out gradually with a flare over the hand that by its very novelty is crowding the long, tightly buttoned cuffs for favor. It is far more becoming to the average hand than the tight cuff which shows up raspy knuckles and scraggy digits with uncompromising severity.
Since the laced high boots found such favor this winter, it is only the natural outcome that the Oxford should be revived for spring. It is being shown with different colored cloth and buckskin tops and patent kid vamps, or in all over black patent kid and gunmetal, bronze kid, gray suede or anything you fancy to boot.

LEGAL NOTICES
Notice Inviting Proposals to Purchase City of Klamath Falls Improvement Bonds.
Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned until Monday, the 8th day of March, 1915, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the city hall, in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, (and at such time and place all proposals received will be opened), for the purchase of \$10,000.00 city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, coupon improvement bonds, payable ten years from date of issue, bearing a rate of interest not to exceed 6 per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually, principal and interest payable at the City of the city treasurer or at the Fiscal Agency of the state of Oregon, in New York, principal and interest payable in gold coin of the United States of America. Said bonds will be issued in denominations not exceeding \$500.00 each, and numbered from 1 to —, inclusive. Said bonds are authorized by Ordinance No. 349, of the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, for the purpose of providing funds to pay the cost of improving Third street, from Main street to California avenue, including intersections. Said bonds will be sold to the highest bidder, for cash, and for no less than their par value and accrued interest.
Each proposal to purchase said bonds must be accompanied by a check for 5 per cent of the amount of the proposal, certified by some responsible bank, payable to the order of the undersigned.
Proposals must be inclosed "Proposals to Purchase Third Street Improvement Bonds."
The council of said city reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Said bonds will contain a provision to the effect that the city reserves the right to take up and cancel such bond, upon payment at any time of the face value, with accrued interest to date of payment, at any semi-annual coupon period, at or after one year from the date of such bond or bonds.
A. L. LEAVITT,
Police Judge of the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon.
Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, February 25th, 1915. 2-5-15

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